

Cell Phone

I hear you talkin', talkin' on that cell
phone
I hear you talkin', talkin' on that cell
phone
I'm walkin' down the street, I want to be
alone
Tryin' to hear myself think, lost in my
own zone
But your yammering, jabbering on that
cell phone

Who you talkin' to? Talkin' on the cell
phone?
Who you talkin' to? Talkin' on the cell
phone?
Is it your mother, your brother, your
husband your wife,
Your sister, boss, your lawyer, why don't
you get a life
Instead of walkin' and talkin' on that cell
phone

What you talkin' 'bout? Talkin' on that
cell phone?
What you talkin' 'bout? Talkin' on that
cell phone?
You talkin' 'bout global warming, or how
to end the war,
Or about the vibrant color you want to
paint the bathroom door
Or the cream cheese you ate last night,
and how you want some more
Is it important, what you're sayin' on
that cell phone?

I'm waiting on the ramp to 76
The way you're driving, it's enough to
make me sick
You're crawlin' up the right lane too but
you're close to cut in
Are you eating a corn beef sandwich or
text messaging?

And as you pass your lips are movin' but
there's no one
in your car, you're all alone,
And of course you're talkin' on your cell
phone

I'm on the bike bath, there's a roller
blader up ahead
She's wearing her Ipod, with a cell
phone to her head
She's takin' up the whole path
zigzagging side to side
If I had an air horn, I'd blow her brains
open wide
And you know she'd hear it for the next
month every time she tried
To hear the dial tone so she could use
her cell phone

I'm at a Bob Dylan show, I just want to
hear the song
The guy behind me is on his cell phone
talkin' loud and long
I don't know what he's doin' here? Why
didn't he stay at home
You know I'd like to stone him, then I
wouldn't feel alone
He don't even know it, but he's just like
Mr. Jones
Because he's wearing, he's wearing a
telephone

I'm on my bike again, half a block from
my home
There's another biker, and in his hand's
a cell phone
He's ridin' down the middle of the street
Trying to miss the trolley tracks
Yellin mom, you tryin' to kill me,

I'm on my bike, I'll be there in two
minutes flat
And I couldn't myself , I laughed out
loud at that
As I unlocked the door and went inside
my home
And he rode on by screaming at his cell
phone

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